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PIKE'S PEAK REGION IN SONG AND MYTH

ELIJAH CLARENCE HILLS

COLORADO COLLEGE PUBLICATION

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Elijah Clarence Hills

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THE PIKE'S PEAK REGION IN SONG AND MYTH

BY ELIJAH CLARENCE HILLS

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By Elijah Clarence Hills

ABROUUAO TO VNUJ
YAAOJCS IBEAÀ ZOJA

THE lyrics and myths in this little volume were read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Colorado College during the commencement week of 1912.

Much verse has been written descriptive of the Pike's Peak region, of which only a part is given in this collection. Some of the best lyrics have doubtless been omitted. On the other hand, there is a dearth of legends and myths, and none of those we have is well authenticated.

E. C. H.

SONGS



HELEN HUNT JACKSON



Though not born here, Helen Hunt Jackson ("H. H.") was attached to Colorado Springs by ties of sympathy and love, and here she spent the happiest days of her life. This poet of Christian resignation and sympathy with the afflicted, this singer of friendship's gentle bonds and of the loneliness of sorrow, this lover of children, birds, and flowers, is beyond question our greatest literary artist. And if Pike's Peak, where dwells the Manitou, is our Olympus, may not Cheyenne Mountain be considered our Parnassus, for on its summit, not unlike the Earthly Paradise described by Dante, Helen Hunt Jackson wrote some of her sweetest verses and finest tales. There she often meditated on the sorrows and rewards of human life, but with scorn and malice toward none; there she observed the stirring life of birds and insects, that go their busy ways heedless of the very presence of Man; there she sang of "the little poppies" that "ran like torchmen with the wheat," and of the "stars with rhythmic light."

What nobler hymn to

CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN

than this inspired sonnet by our poetess!

By easy slope to west as if it had
No thought, when first its soaring was begun,
Except to look devoutly to the sun,
It rises and has risen, until glad,

With light as with a garment, it is clad,
 Each dawn, before the tardy plains have won
 One ray; and after day has long been done
 For us, the light doth cling reluctant, sad
 To leave its brow.

Beloved Mountain, I
 Thy worshipper as thou the sun's, each morn
 My dawn, before the dawn, receive from thee;
 And think, as thy rose-tinted peaks I see,
 That thou wert great when Homer was not born;
 And ere thou change all human song shall die!

When the poetess went eastward over the level plains,
 or westward over the mountain ranges and through the deep-
 cut valleys, her heart yearned for the City of Light that
 nestled at the foot of her beloved mountains, and she sang
 of her

RETURN TO THE HILLS

Like a music of triumph and joy
 Sounds the roll of the wheels,
 And the breath of the engine laughs out
 In loud chuckles and peals,
 Like the laugh of a man that is glad
 Coming homeward at night;
 I lean out of the window and nod
 To the left and the right,
 To my friends in the fields and the woods;
 Not a face do I miss;
 The sweet asters and browned golden-rod,
 And that stray clematis,
 Of all vagabonds dearest and best,
 In most seedy estate;
 I am sure they all recognize me;
 If I only could wait,

I should hear all the welcome which now
 In their faces I read,
 "O true lover of us and our kin,
 We all bid thee God speed!"

O my mountains, no wisdom can teach
 Me to think that ye care
 Nothing more for my steps than the rest,
 Or that they can have share
 Such as mine in your royal crown-lands,
 Unencumbered of fee;
 In your temple with altars unhewn,
 Where redemption is free;
 In your houses of treasure, which gold
 Can not buy if it seek;
 And your oracles, mystic with words,
 Which men lose if they speak!

Ah! with boldness of lovers who wed
 I make haste to your feet,
 And as constant as lovers who die,
 My surrender repeat;
 And I take as the right of my love,
 And I keep as its sign,
 An ineffable joy in each sense
 And new strength as from wine,
 A seal for all purpose and hope,
 And a pledge of full light,
 Like a pillar of cloud for my day,
 And of fire for my night.

Even in this land of sunshine there are occasional gray days, when the clouds hang low and hide the mountain-tops and rolling plains from our disappointed eyes. And on such days do we not sometimes, from beneath our canopy of mist, catch a glimpse of blue skies to the south? This theme

was well used by the poetess in a congratulatory sonnet, entitled

WITH THEM THAT DO REJOICE

All yesterday our sky was cold and gray;
A misty wall of cloud hid from our sight
The mountain-tops; the plains stretched cold and white,
And snow-flakes slowly floated down and lay
Like funeral flowers about the pallid day.
Sudden at noon the sky to south grew bright,
Turned blue, was radiant in full sunny light,
Beneath our clouds we sat, and looked away
Into this glowing south till sunset. So
Into my life's gray calm today there fell
Message that two I love had come to know
The one great earthly joy no words can tell.
Dear Hearts, I think light from your south will flow
To me until the tolling sunset-bell.

I am fond of Helen Hunt Jackson's charming lyrics; but I am not sure that I do not like even better her narrative poems. Thus, few ballads are stronger than that of the "King's Singer," the shepherd boy whose music rang "unearthly sweet" when he roamed free with his flocks upon the hillside; but when arrayed "with cloth of gold" he stood before the courtiers and played at the king's behest, his merry notes faded into "one faint sound" that brought him the scorn of courtiers and a king's dark frown; or that of the "Abbott Paphnutius," who found a rival saint in him who played that drunken men and women might dance in the market place; or the tale of a king who laid aside his crown, and care-free and joyous wandered through the world hand in hand with a beggar, while his people called him dead. And few lines are finer than those of the "Funeral March," which, in subtle rhythm, portray the shadows as they mock and taunt the funeral procession.

No better expression of our love and gratitude could be

given to Helen Hunt Jackson than the following beautiful lines from her own little poem called "Flowers On A Grave," with the substitution of the pronoun *her* for *him*,—a liberty which I have allowed myself to take:

What sweeter thing to hear, through tears, than this,
 Of one who dies, that, looking on her dead,
 All men with tender reverence gazed and said:
 "What courtesy and gentleness were hers!
 Our ruder lives, for years to come, will miss
 Her sweet serenity, which daily shed
 A grace we scarcely felt, so deep inbred
 Of nature was it . . ."

After the death of Helen Hunt Jackson, her body was buried on the north spur of Cheyenne Mountain, at a place she loved well and where she wrote some of her most charming works. Here beneath the fragrant fir-trees, her grave was for five years (1885-1890) a place of pilgrimage, until the body was removed to Evergreen Cemetery in Colorado Springs. The position of the grave on the mountain top is still marked by a pile of stones, left by those who admired her writings. The romantic setting of "H. H.'s" grave has given rise to a considerable number of lyrics, of which the following are among the best:

CHEYENNE CANYON

Oh, Cheyenne Canyon, in thy dim defiles,
 Where glooms the light, as through cathedral aisles,
 Where flash and fall bright waters, pure as air,
 Where wild birds brood, wild blossoms bloom, and where
 The wind sings anthems through the darkling trees,
 A presence breathes the tenderest melodies.

Songs that the finer ears of poets feel
 But do not hear, ethereal chords that steal
 Upon the soul, as fragrance of the flowers,

Unseen, unknown, from undiscovered bowers,
Enwraps the senses with a deep delight,
Pure as the stars and tender as the night.

For here in Nature's arms there lies asleep
One who loved Nature with a passion deep,
Who knew her language and who read her book,
Who sang her music, which the bird, the brook,
The winds, the woods, the mountains and the seas
Chant ever, in commingling harmonies.

Oh, Cheyenne Canyon! through thy dim defiles
The music floats as through cathedral aisles:
The singer silent, but the song is heard
In sigh of wind and carolling of bird.
All these the poet's melodies prolong,
For Nature now sings o'er her loved one's song.

STANLEY WOOD

THE MOURNERS ON CHEYENNE

(At the Grave of "H. H.")

There Summer cometh, shuddering at death,
 Bowing her regal beauty in her dread
Long bitterness of loss, and scattereth
 Dust, dust and bitter ashes o'er the dead.

There sobered Autumn in funereal weed,
 With locks disheveled, leaves her ripest sheaf:
And while low winds a solemn requiem lead,
 She, lingering, weeps her fill of wasting grief.

And Winter, from the battle fields of storm,
 Scarred, worn, and woe-racked, yearly bringeth there
His calm white shroud, to spread above that form,
 Keeping unjarred the peace he cannot share.

And Spring, with dew-bright eyes gladdened with hope,
Brings hither all the first flowers of the lea ;
And while with brow toward heaven her eye-lids ope,
She softly whispers "Immortality!"

ERNEST WHITNEY

HELEN HUNT'S GRAVE

God, for the man who knew him face to face,
Prepared a grave apart, a tomb unknown,
Where dews drop tears, and only winds make moan,
And white archangels guard the narrow space.

God gives to His beloved sleep; the place
Where His seer slept was set remote, for rest,
After the forty years of desert quest,
The Sinai terrors, and the Pisgah grace.

So, clear-eyed priestess, sleep! remembering not
The fiery scathe of life, nor trackless years,
Nor even Canaan's sun-kissed, flowery meads.

God shields, within his hollowed hand, the spot
Where brooding peace rebukes unquiet tears.
She sleepeth well who wrought such noble deeds!

VIRGINIA DONAGHE McCLURG

EDITH COLBY BANFIELD



Miss Banfield (1870-1903), a niece of Helen Hunt Jackson, spent the last three years of her life in Colorado Springs, and here she wrote some of her finest verses. In the little volume of lyrics entitled "The Place of My Desire" (Boston, 1904), Miss Banfield gives evidence of her acquaintance with the great English poets and her love of their works. Chaucer and Keats she calls her

". . . morning poets, like the dawn
In loveliness and bright simplicity."
Shakspeare is to her "as the eternal ocean," which
"With its great pulses throbbing mightily,
Bears all the commerce of our human-kind,
And touches every shore in friendliness."

She admires "Spencer's silver stream" and "Milton's torrent harmonies;" Arnold, "austere and pure, steadfast as a star;" and Stevenson, "a bright and gracious presence" that has "the gift of love;" and she adds:

"It is sweet to sit in humbleness at Wordsworth's feet,
And with his eyes spell out the lettered hills."

Like Mrs. Jackson, she loves solitude and takes delight in trees and flowers. In her descriptive poems she sings chiefly of her beloved New England, but she also pays tribute to the "gigantic West:"

IN THE ROCKIES

I am a lover of New England ways,
Of country roadsides and familiar flowers,
Of haunts that I have known from early days,
And followed far through long and happy hours.
How may I look on the gigantic West?

How understand these mountains and ravines?
 How cease from saying, But my heart loves best
 The quiet East and all its wooded scenes?
 These are the mighty ones that I know not,
 Of ancient race and kingly lineage—
 Too great for me, still holding unforgot
 The lesser hillsides of my heritage,
 Like one of lowly birth who homesick clings
 To humble memories 'mid halls of kings.

Coming from the fresh sea-breezes of New England to the dry plains and brown mountains of Colorado, Miss Banfield was heartsick for the ocean she loved so well, and exclaimed:

SAILOR BLOOD

I come of a race that loves the sea
 And a driven ship is home to me.
 On land I faint and thirst and fail
 And grow heart-sick for the roaring gale;
 I dream of a home that hath no place,
 And the feel of the spray upon my face.

The mountains rise to a barren sky,
 And the level plains are parched and dry;
 Like a stagnant sea they mock my gaze
 With their limitless horizon haze;
 They have no breath, they mock at me,
 Whose soul cries out for the living sea.

I am scourged of the dust that sweeps the plains,
 And the great dry winds that bring no rains;
 I am scourged of the dust, I am choked and blind,
 And the health of waters I can not find,
 And my sailor blood makes wild in me
 For the wet of the storm, and the salt of the sea!

Child of the sea, how can I bear
The wide still plains and the desert air?
Sounds of the sea I hear by night
In dreams that have not sound nor sight,
And my heart doth yearn and strain by day
For the throb two thousand miles away.

Doth strain and hark for the distant roar
Of great tides booming along the shore;
Like a prisoned gull my heart doth beat
For the great wet winds and the dripping sheet,
And the crested waves and the bounding spray,
And the storms that brood o'er the ocean gray.

I come of a race that loves the sea
And a driven ship is home to me.
On land I faint and thirst and fail
And grow heart-sick for the roaring gale;
I dream of a home that hath no place,
And the feel of the spray upon my face!

But when the first summer came with its refreshing
showers and gray mists, nestling on the mountain-side, the
poet's soul ceased to yearn for the distant land:

I see these mountains now forever with changed eyes,
Since I have seen them lovely through the summer storms,
And heard their thunders roll—their ceaseless thunders roll.
No more I call them barren, that so rise
Unto the rains of heaven. No more my soul
Doth yearn unsatisfied in a far land, since it hath seen
Hill bare and prairies over-crept with green.
Yea, even here I feel the distant sea
Pour out itself in rains to comfort me.

The three foremost poets of Colorado Springs have
doubtless been "H. H.," Miss Banfield, and Ernest Whitney

(1858-1893). In 1889 Mr. Whitney came here from Yale University, where he had been an instructor in English. He soon came to love the "land of the undimmed heaven," with its "City of Sunshine" and its mountain peaks and nestling vales. No other poet has thus far written more verses descriptive of the Pike's Peak region than has Mr. Whitney. One of these, "The Mourners on Cheyenne," has already been given. Others follow under the various heads of Pike's Peak, Cheyenne Mountain, etc.

COLORADO



COLORADO

O "Colored Land!" beneath a turquoise sky—
 Sun-kissed from dazzling peaks to opal plains—
 What pulses throb within thy silver veins,
 What forces strove in thee for mastery!

The Manitou here dwelt in days gone by
 In crystal springs, to cleanse all mortal stains;
 Here the swart Spaniard strove for golden gains;
 Lone hunters saw thy virgin purity.

Now plenty's garners gild the quiet fields,
 And marts are swayed by olive-sceptered peace;
 To mighty multitudes her wealth she yields,

As shifting seasons pass and years increase;
 For fair "Columbia," bending towards the west,
 Now wears this crimson rose upon her breast.

VIRGINIA DONAGHE McCLURG

COLORADO

Thou hast thine eyrie in the lifted lands,
 O Colorado, mountain-born and free;
 Unvexed by terrors of the far-off sea,
 On earth's high crest thy favored realm expands.

Nature bestowed thy dower with lavish hands,
 The richest gifts within her treasury,
 Which from creation she reserved for thee,
 Thy ore-veined mountains and thy golden sands.

Far eastward, ocean-vast, thy plains extend;
 Westward thy snow-crowned mountains meet the sky;
 Heavens of unclouded blue above thee bend,

And the bright sun looks on thee lovingly.
 To what God hath so wrought may great souls lend
 The fadeless luster of achievements high.

J. D. DILLENBACK

COLORADO

Land of the undimmed heaven! where the earth
 Hath reared her noblest altar to the sun,
 A continent its basis, and when done
 Capt with the navel of creation's birth.

Here the new light first burst the world-cloud's girth;
 Here through the sky a bluer woof is spun;
 A kindlier heat is from the day-god won,
 Danae's boon freed from its curse of dearth.

The land of beauty and sublimity,
 The land of color, the world's wonderland,
 Earth's teeming mint where orient ores expand;

The haunted home of ancient mystery;
 And in this world of death, disease, and strife,
 The one true home of peace and hope and life.

ERNEST WHITNEY

COLORADO

I love the great brown land with clear blue sky;
 I love the sun-kissed plains and granite hills,
 The lofty summits and the sparkling rills,
 And painted cliffs where deep-worn canyons lie.

I love the thin, sweet air, which to the eye
 Makes distance seem as naught, and the breast fills
 With a new life. Here far from human ills
 May I abide in peace until I die!

The vast upland will breed a hardy race,
 Deep-chested, strong of heart, of goodly height,
 Who 'mongst all men shall hold an honored place,

If their minds be illumined with the light
 Of heaven, as their land, and if the grace
 Of God be sought, to help them walk aright.

ELIJAH CLARENCE HILLS

OLD WINTER IN COLORADO

Old winter! at thy name what visions rise
Of fields outstretched, bewildering brown and bare,
Of ice and chill, and snowdrifts everywhere,
Or mists and rain and lowering cloudy skies.

Thou hast thy sunny side, thy gloomy guise
Is not for us; upon this ambient air
Thy breath is sweet as May, and thou doest wear
Such smiles! Each morn unfolds some new surprise.

O'er Colorado's mountains thou dost trail
Thy days so sun-bespangled that they seem
Steps to the infinite, and whirl on whirl

They circle westward like a golden sail
Upon the billowy blue, a radiant dream
Which nightward drifts upon their gates of pearl.

EMMA P. SEABURY

FROM "LESSONS FROM AN OLD MASTER"

What is the help that cometh from the hills?
Strong pulses, full drawn breath, and sinews tried?
Still may they cleanse the body of its ills;
But higher virtues have the hills supplied;
They train the soul to climb; they best provide
The health of spirit, sanity of mind,
Wherein the purest fires of life reside;
And noble souls of old were quick to find
God in the wilderness and on the mountain shrided.

ERNEST WHITNEY

PIKE'S PEAK



PIKE'S PEAK

Lone, hoary monarch of the Titan peaks,
 Offspring of heaven and earth in planet jars,
 Bare-bodied savage, grim with unhealed scars,
 To thy wild band thy voice in thunder speaks;
 Thy sword-stroke is the avalanche that wreaks
 Quick vengeance on thy kneeling victim. Wars
 Come but to yield thee homage, and the stars
 Visit thee nightly, yet thy long gaze seeks
 Unsatisfied the playmate of thy prime—
 O longing like to mine!—that goddess bright,
 The ocean stream. O deep embrace! that time
 Forgets not, ere stern gods beyond thy sight
 Her dungeons sunk. Thy memory that! thy hope
 This ocean-seeking stream that cheers thy slope.

ERNEST WHITNEY

TO PIKE'S PEAK

Thou hast clothed thy steepest hillsides
 With the fragrant fir and pine,
 With the timid quaking-aspen,
 And the pale-blue columbine;
 And thy torrents downward rushing
 From the melting snow o'erhead,
 Bring a tender, plaintive music
 To the canyon's deep-worn bed.

Thou art ever changing color
 In thy coat of many hues,
 From the glowing orange-crimsons
 To the darkling greens and blues;

When the sun through rift in cloudland
 Floods thee with his golden rays,
 On thy slopes the purple shadows
 Flit across the browns and grays.

When thy darkened form is outlined
 In the rosy western sky,
 From thy far-flung broken ridges
 Magic castles rise on high,—
 Castles with fantastic towers
 Where the cliff-king beck and calls,
 While the evening's dying splendor
 Streams between the blackened walls.

When the lightning's fiery serpent
 Cleaves the air with sudden flash,
 And the startled hills give answer
 To the thunder's jarring crash,
 Calm and fair thy sun-kissed summit
 Looms above the mist and rain,
 And to thee the melting storm-clouds
 Seem a white and fleecy plain.

Fold on fold thy wrinkled foothills,
 Rising, lifting up to thee,
 Seem the heaving, wind-tossed billows
 Of a vast, tumultuous sea,—
 Thou, a stolid, massive island
 With thy uplands bare and bleak,
 With thy hollows and abysses,
 And thy lofty, granite peak.

* * * *

Round thee surged the moving waters
 When thou first didst lift thy head;
 Thou wert then a rocky island
 In the ocean's shifting bed;

But before thy slow uprising
Fled the sullen, restless sea,
As the mists of early morning
From the growing sunlight flee.

Thou hast seen the floodgates loosened
In these arid, burning skies;
Thou hast heard the palm-tree rustle
Where the northern fir-tree sighs;
Nature at thy feet hath fashioned
Many forms in living clay;
Some she held in fond affection;
Some she spurned and cast away.

Last of all was Man created,
Slower than the hare and hind,
Weaker than the bear or panther,
But endowed with cunning mind;
Man alone knew good and evil
And could call things by their name;
But, alas! with greater knowledge
Followed greater sin and shame.

* * * *

Oh, majestic, mighty mountain,
Mocking Time's eternal flow,
When thou lookest on the mortals
As they toil and weep below,
Dost thou think to live forever,
Since of granite frame thou art,
While the life of Man is measured
By the beating of his heart?

As the ancient, moss-grown boulder
Scorns the limpid, rippling stream,
Thou dost view the flight of ages
As an idly changing dream;

But if water ever running
Wears the rock it rushes past,
So shall Time, the all-consuming,
Eat away thine heart at last.

Though all matter be immortal,
It is ever changing shape;
Soil that gives the ruddy apple,
Gives the luscious, purple grape;
Water makes the curling vapor,
Floating ice and drifting snow;
And the rock that forms the mountain
Makes the sandy plain below.

Death is but a changed condition;
Life is but a passing show;
Sea and mountain, earth and heaven,
Come, and pause a while, and go.
Length of life should not be reckoned
By the number of the years;
Less an age of senseless matter
Than an hour of love and tears!

ELIJAH CLARENCE HILLS

TIMBER-LINE

I stood on the crest in the sunlight,
When the summer was growing old;
Yet the ages' trace on the mountain's face
Was frozen and white and cold.

I gazed at the distant meadow,
Green with its verdure spread,
Framing the brook, as it pathway took
Through the vale, like a silver thread.

As upward my vision I gathered,
Over forests wide of pine,
I saw them sway to the zephyr's play
Till they reached the timber-line;

Where in grandeur and sadness were lying
The broken, the dying, the dead,
Like the havoc made by the cannon's raid
In the ranks at the battle's head.

Naked and gaunt and frowning,
Like a giant stripped for fray,
The mountain stood above the wood
In the glare of the summer's day.

I thought as again I gathered
The scene in my vision's ken,
That nature's strife resembles our life,
The lives of mortal men.

Some like the valley are peaceful,
Some thrive like the evergreen pine,
Whilst others must stand a hapless band,
To die at the timber-line.

SURVILLE J. DELAN

COLORADO SPRINGS



COLORADO SPRINGS

City of Sunshine! in whose gates of light
 Celestial airs and essences abound;
 City of Refuge! from whose sacred height
 Disease falls thwarted as a baffled hound,
 Loosing its fang, long burning in the wound;
 City of Life! thou hast a gift of years
 For all; swift Death a thousand times discrowned
 Within thy walls, and Fate, with waiting shears,
 Heed thee, as thou alone of earth didst feed their fears.

ERNEST WHITNEY

FROM MY DOORWAY

A towering mountain range that bears within
 Its rocky breast
 An unmolested store of precious ore;
 This is the picture that I see when looking
 Toward the West.

Vast plains whose virgin soil might yield the world
 A harvest feast,
 In undisturbed sleep their secret keep;
 This is the picture that I see when looking
 Toward the East.

Ah, peaceful land of hidden wealth! The troubled
 Days draw nigh,
 When all thy secret's known—thy quiet gone;
 Thank God that where I upward look is
 His unchanging sky!

MARY G. SLOCUM

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS



GATEWAY OF THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

'Tis the gate of the mountains, the gate to the plains,
The gate to a world of new, unknown domains;
And the hosts of the east throng through it, wide ope,
For they read on its portals "The haven of hope."

'Twas the gate of the dawn of the first morning bright,
And still feels the glow of creation's new light.
Wide swung on the marge of the sea and the land,
Through it crawled the monsters that haunted the strand

In primeval ages. Its threshold was worn
By life's long processions while Eden, forlorn,
Still waited life's promises. Under its arch
Passed race after race in humanity's march,

When the bound of the west, to the mind of the east,
Was the gate where Alcides his wandering ceased.
What wonder the poet who under it trod
Deemed he walked through the gate of the Garden of God?

For it rose in a glory of transcendent gleams
Like the vision which shone on the prophet in dreams;
And he saw through its portals, through vistas sublime,
The wonders God works in earth's happiest clime.

ERNEST WHITNEY

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

Beneath the rocky peak that hides
 In clouds its snow-flecked crest,
Within these crimson crags abides
 An Orient in the West.

These tints of flame, these myriad dyes,
 This eastern desert calm,
Should catch the gleam of Syrian skies,
 Or shade of Egypt's palm.

As if to bar the dawn's first light
 These ruby gates are hung;
As if from Sinai's frowning height
 These riven tablets flung.

But not the Orient's drowsy gaze,
 Young empire's opening lids
Greet these strange shapes, of earlier days
 Than Sphinx or Pyramids.

Here the New West its wealth unlocks,
 And tears the veil aside,
Which hides the mystic glades and rocks
 The red man deified.

This greensward, girt with tongues of flame,
 With spectral pillars strewn,
Not strangely did the savage name
 A haunt of gods unknown.

Hard by the gentle Manitou
 His healing fountains poured;
Blood-red, against the cloudless blue,
 These storm-tossed Titans soared;

Not carved by art, or man's device,
 Nor shaped by human hand,
 These altars, meet for sacrifice,
 This temple, vast and grand.

With torrents wild and tempest blast,
 And fierce volcanic fires,
 In secret moulds has Nature cast
 Her monoliths and spires.

Their shadows linger where we tread;
 Their beauty fills the place;
 A broken shrine—its votaries fled—
 A spurned and vanished race.

Untouched by Time the garden gleams,
 Unplucked the wild flower shines,
 And the scarred summit's rifted seams
 Are bright with glistening pines.

And still the guileless heart that waits
 At Nature's feet may find,
 Within the rosy, sun-lit gates,
 A hidden glory shrined;

His presence feel to whom, in fear,
 Untaught the savage prayed,
 And, listening in the garden, hear
 His voice, nor be afraid.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER

MANITOU



MANITOU

*Where the shadow of the mountain
Meets the sunshine of the fountain,
Listen to these voices singing
And the message they are bringing:*

Spirit Of The Springs:
Sister spirit of the stream,
Is it real or a dream?
Faces in their color change,
Voices take a wider range;
Nature's emerald bosom shows
Charm and color of the rose;
Tell me, spirit, is it true,
All things old give place to new?

Spirit Of The Stream:
Sister spirit of the spring,
Fresher, clearer voices sing
Of a whiter, later race
Taking the swart Indian's place.
Art to Nature gives her hand;
Fashion waves her magic wand,
And the languorous glamor cast
Veils the glory of the past.

Spirit Of The Springs:
Sister spirit of the stream,
It is real, not a dream!
Echoes as from Eden wake
Music such as seraphs make
In each glen and through each rift

Where your shining waters drift;
 While the songs of youth and maid
 Crown each cool and shadowed glade.

Spirit Of The Stream:

From the peak down which I flow
 With my water born of snow,
 To the valley lands that lie
 'Neath a warm and sunny sky,
 All the air is full of change,
 Change as sweet as it is strange:
 And my song forever chimes
 To these later happier times.

The Spirits Of The Springs And The Stream:

Whiter tepees crown our hills,
 Sweeter lips now touch our rills;
 Under Manitou's bright skies
 Fairer faces meet our eyes;
 And where crystal waters glide
 Happy lovers blush and hide;
 Dusky features fade away,
 Saxon faces come today.

*Flash on fountain, roll on river,
 Snow-crowned peak and sun-kissed vale;
 These are Nature's gifts forever
 Until Nature's self shall fail.*

EDGAR P. VANGASSEN

THE TOWN OF SUN AND SHADOW

Summer days of warping pavements, when
the steely skies are blue,
Off my thoughts fly to the westward to the glens
of Manitou—

To the canyons and the passes
And the green of mountain grasses,
And the pine and quaking aspen dabbled with
the morning dew ;
And the rugged, outward-jutting rocks that look
like sentinels
Guarding well the toy-like village that far, far
below them dwells ;
And the royal peak up yonder that in majesty
defies
Like a reincarnate Ajax all the lightning
of the skies
As it peers beyond the snowdrifts that are ever
in its view,
And lends dignity most solemn to the giddy
Manitou—
To the thoughtless, sprightly, pleasure-loving
town of Manitou.

When the sun in furnace-fashion seems to roast me
through and through,
Then I listen for the gurgle of the springs
of Manitou—

For the gurgle and their splashing
And the noisy, foamy crashing
Of the creek that hastens downward—hastens
as 'twere overdue,
Calling farewell to the strollers on the upper
avenue.
I can close my eyes and fancy blots the great,
hot hives of brick

From the purview of my vision as a juggler
 does a trick,
 And instead of streets and alleys, where moist
 humans palpitate,
 I am on the cool, red driveways that curve oft
 and undulate,
 And I see the broad piazzas that in other days
 I knew,
 When I danced in summer twilights in dear,
 merry Manitou.

I'm a long time from the mountains, and strange
 gods I now pursue,
 But my summertime allegiance never shifts
 from Manitou;
 To the dashing, giddy, royal
 Little mountain town I'm loyal,
 For the dog's too old for learning tricks in any
 measure new;
 Let the seashore claim the wretches who ne'er
 saw the Ute Pass skies,
 Or the gray old Cheyenne mountain, where the
 sweet Ramona lies,
 Or who never climbed the cogwheel, never felt
 the throb and thrill
 As one looks from Pike's Peak's shoulder to the
 war camp of Bull hill.
 Let them tour "where they're a mind to;" as for
 me, my heart is true
 To the town of shade and shadow,
 Out in snow-capped Colorado—
 To the little, perching paradise that men call
 Manitou.

(FROM THE CHICAGO RECORD)

MONUMENT PARK

IN MONUMENT PARK

Read the story of the stones!
We are in the house of thrones,
On the graves of empires dead
When the earth but giants bred,
And our race of petty men
Lived but in the prophet's ken.
Crumbled are their palace walls,
Roofless lie their empty halls,
And the pillars stand in vain
Bowed beneath their ancient strain.
Dust are all the kings today
Who amid these courts held sway.
Humbled are the temple gods,
And the broken idol nods
O'er the altar, bare and cold,
Where the victim knelt of old;
But the groups of regal forms,
Changeless through a thousand storms,
Mute historians of the past,
Tell the ancient tales at last.
Nay, what grace can artifice
Add to such a scene as this!
Then away with fancy's guess!
Better Nature's truthfulness,
Simple, beautiful, sincere.
She hath nobler history here,
Eloquent to every heart
More than utterance of art,
Solemn as a chanted hymn
In cathedral cloister dim,
Even the savage in this dell
Felt the soul within him swell
With the sense of higher things
Which the best of nature brings.

ERNEST WHITNEY

UTE PASS



UTE PASS

Vast corridor through Nature's roofless halls,
Pike beckons welcome far across the land
To this sole gateway through its granite walls,
By Chaos wrought with harsh primeval hand.

He scarred his pathway through the frightful chasm
With shattered ledge and splintered crag in air,
And cliffs that writhe as though, in torturing spasm,
Some hideous monster met the Gorgon's stare.

But only once he through the ravine stormed,
While year by year roamed Beauty in the path,
And wheresoe'er she stopt, that spot transformed
Bears her soft smile amid his work of wrath.

ERNEST WHITNEY.

CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN



CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN

Far-off plains and mesas glow
 With the joy of morning light,
 Mountain streamlets, singing, flow
 Fresh and pure and sparkling bright
 Through fair field and shady glen,
 In the shadow of Cheyenne.

High to heaven, peak on peak,
 Towers the grand old mountain range,
 Whose majestic outlines speak
 Steadfastness amid all change:
 Power and might beyond our ken
 Here in shadow of Cheyenne.

How the voice of Nature calls!
 Rousing a responsive cry:—
 "Lord, Thy revelation falls
 Not on heedless heart or eye,
 But as saving grace to men
 From the shadow of Cheyenne!"

LOUISA CARROLL THOMAS

TO A FIR TREE

(On Cheyenne Mountain, Colorado)

I have lain under thee long hours alone,
 And listened to the music of thy moan,
 Now the unworded wail of helpless grief,
 Now the hushed whispering of leaf to leaf,
 Now the soft note of cherished hope and cheer
 That even the wild bird stops his song to hear,
 Now the grim silence of a hopeless heart,

Yet evermore I feel thou hast a word,
 By which my soul to nobler aims is stirred.
 What is the secret that thou wouldst impart?
 What moveth thee, O Fir Tree? Canst thou tell
 Thy passion unto one who loves thee well?
 Or doth my awkward sense misread thy mood,
 Thou dreaming poet of the dreamy wood,
 Musician of the lonely mountain dell?
 Art thou still murmuring o'er that melody,
 Sweet mother of thy only memory,
 The legendary music of his lyre
 Who led thy forest folk in Arcady?
 Who taught them to the mountains to aspire?
 Who taught them to be beautiful, until
 Long lives of yearning passion gave us thee?
 For thou art lofty, lone and beautiful,
 To brighter, holier skies aspiring still,
 Yet loving sheltering cliffs, so to annul
 The wrenching storms and keep thy perfect grace,
 The pure ideal of this fane-like place.

Sweet the traditions of that earlier day
 When laughing dryads, in the woodland gay,
 In careless love of simple happiness,
 Learned how the poet's inspirations bless.
 I will not doubt a spirit in thy bole,
 That bears some near relation to a soul.
 Nay, who can tell me when that sacred flame,
 Called life, can first a soul immortal claim?
 Since life is life, let all life sacred be,
 Nor hold it lightly even in a tree.
 There may be truth in strong old myths concealed,
 Whereby life's deeper mysteries are revealed.
 Think we one ancient people only heard
 The voice of God, or strove to speak his word?

ERNEST WHITNEY

IN NORTH CHEYENNE CANYON

Aloft to the sunset light towers the ledge;
The ivy hangs heavily over the edge,
As a cataract ready to fall o'er its face
Had paused ere its plunge for the fear of the place.

The harebell and columbine cling to the cliff,
Where the frost-king hath carven his weird hieroglyph,
Like the spots of bright color on manuscript old,
Where the secrets of faith and of magic are told.

And here hover readers, the raven and dove,
From the same palimpsest reading hatred and love,
And turning to utterance mystic the spell
They have read from the runes on the rock in the dell.

'Tis a temple enchanted and hallowed of old,
And its priests are the fir trees so solemnly stoled,
Ever chanting in murmuring harmony low

In anthems the mysteries none other know,
Ever shedding their sweet benedictions of peace
On the soul that here seeketh in nature release.

ERNEST WHITNEY

THE SEVEN FALLS

These are man's seven ages in the stream
Of life eternal, hurrying with the roar
And rush of madness to the goal; and sore
With toil to make life's rugged pathway seem
Less painful. Half in air, as they did deem
Strong-binding earth no part of them, but bore
A life ethereal, and therefore wore
This cloud-white livery, bright with heaven's gleam.
Earth is the jagged cliff in Time's long course,

Life's death leap; o'er it, from an unknown source,
Life breaks, a living stream before, and still
 Flows on mysterious missions to fulfill
Beyond the present, toward the unknown sea,
Down the long reaches of eternity.

ERNEST WHITNEY

HYMN TO COLORADO

To thee, our State, we consecrate
Our hearts with one acclaim;
We promise thee, where'er we be,
To honor thy fair name.
Thy flag unfold, Silver and Gold,
Let truth and right prevail,
With loyalty and liberty,
Hail, Colorado, hail!

Thy men shall be all brave and free,
Thy women pure and true;
May peace and love come from above
To bless whate'er they do.
O land of pine and columbine,
Of fruitful plain and vale,
Of upland bleak and lofty peak,
Hail, Colorado, hail!

To thee we sing, to thee we bring
The tribute of our praise;
Be thine the joy without alloy,
The ever happy days.
O land of light and sun-kissed height,
Far-famed in song and tale;
O fair and great Centennial State,
Hail, Colorado, hail!

ELIJAH CLARENCE HILLS

MYTHS



THE UTE IDEA OF CREATION

The Great Spirit made Pike's Peak first of all by pouring ice and snow through a hole which he made in the sky by turning a stone round and round. He then stepped off the clouds on to the mountain top, and descended part way and planted trees by putting his finger on the ground. The sun melted the snow, and the water ran down the mountain-side and nurtured the trees and made the streams. After that he made fish for the rivers out of the small end of his staff. He made birds by blowing some leaves which he took from the ground under the trees. Next he created the beasts out of the rest of his staff, but he created the grizzly bear out of the big end, and made him master of all the others.

Man was created later, as follows: The daughter of the Great Spirit ventured too far from home, and fell into the power of the grizzly bear whom she was forced to marry. The red men were the fruit of this marriage. The men were taken under the protection of the Great Spirit; but the grizzly bears were punished by being compelled to walk on four feet, whereas before they had walked on two.

THE SWEET AND BITTER SPRINGS

In the interesting little volume entitled *Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains* (London, 1847), by George F. Ruxton, Esq., a member of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, who visited this region in the spring of 1847, there is an interesting description of the Fontaines-*Qui-Bouillent*, or Boiling Fountains, in the picturesque little valley where now lies the village of Manitou. This hardy

traveler, after extraordinary adventures in Old and in New Mexico, came with his favorite pony Panchito and a train of mules across the mountains to the Arkansas River, and thence north to the slopes of Pike's Peak, which he describes as a hunters' paradise. Here he rested a while to enjoy the chase and the cool bubbling waters of the Boiling Springs. In the account of his first visit to these springs, Ruxton says: "The valley narrowed considerably, and, turning an angle with the creek, I was at once shut in by mountains and elevated ridges, which rose on each side of the stream. This was now a rapid torrent, tumbling over rocks and stones, and fringed with oaks and a shrubbery of brush. A few miles on the canyon opened out into a shelving glade; and on the right bank of the stream, and raised several feet above it, was a flat white rock in which was a round hole, where one of the celebrated springs hissed and bubbled with its escaping gas. I had been cautioned against drinking this, being directed to follow the stream a few yards to another, which is the true soda spring."

He then relates how his horses and mules drank greedily of the sulphur spring, and then licked and scraped with their teeth the white rock that enclosed it; while he proceeded up the stream to the other spring, "about forty yards from the first, but immediately above the river, issuing from a little basin in the flat white rock, and trickling over the edge into the stream. The escape of gas in this was much stronger than in the other, and was similar to water boiling smartly. I had provided myself" (he goes on to say) "with a tin cup holding about a pint; but, before dipping it in, I divested myself of my pouch and belt, and sat down in order to enjoy the draught at my leisure. I was half dead with thirst; and, tucking up the sleeves of my hunting-shirt, I dipped the cup into the midst of the bubbles, and raised it hissing and sparkling to my lips. Such a draught! Three times, without drawing a breath, was it replenished and emptied, almost blowing up the roof of my mouth with its effervescence. It

was equal to the very best soda-water, but possesses that fresh, natural flavor, which manufactured water cannot impart.

The Indians regard with awe the 'medicine' waters of these fountains, as being the abode of a spirit who breathes through the transparent water, and thus, by his exhalations, causes the perturbation of its surface. The Arapahoes, especially, attribute to this water-god the power of ordaining the success or miscarriage of their war-expeditions; and as their braves pass often by the mysterious springs, when in search of their hereditary enemies, the Yutas (Utes), in the 'Valley of Salt' [1], they never fail to bestow their votive offerings upon the water-sprite, in order to propitiate the 'Manitou' of the fountain, and ensure a fortunate issue to their 'path of war.'

Thus at the time of my visit the basin of the spring was filled with beads and wampum, and pieces of red cloth and knives, whilst the surrounding trees were hung with strips of deerskin, cloth, and moccasins, to which, had they been serviceable, I would most sacrilegiously have helped myself. . . . This country was once possessed by the Shoshone or Snake Indians, of whom the Comanches of the plains are a branch." Ruxton here says, by way of parenthesis, that the Utes of the mountains are also a branch of the Shoshone or Snake Indians, and then continues: "The Snakes, who, in common with all Indians, possess hereditary legends to account for all natural phenomena . . . , have of course their legendary version of the causes which created, in the midst of their hunting-grounds, these two springs of sweet and bitter water; which are also intimately connected with the cause of separation between the tribes of 'Comanche' and the 'Snake.' Thus runs the legend:—

Many hundreds of winters ago, when the cotton-woods

[1] Or Bayou Salé, sometimes called, with a curious mixture of French and Spanish, the Bayou Salado. It is in South Park, and from it the Indians of this region chiefly secured their salt.

on the Big River were no higher than an arrow, and the red men, who hunted the buffalo on the plains, all spoke the same language, and the pipe of peace breathed its social cloud of kinnik-kinnek whenever two parties of hunters met on the boundless plains,—when, with hunting-grounds and game of every kind in the greatest abundance, no nation dug up the hatchet with another because one of its hunters followed the game into their bounds, but, on the contrary, loaded for him his back with choice and fattest meat, and ever proffered the soothing pipe before the stranger . . . left the village,—it happened that two hunters of different nations met one day on a small rivulet, where both had repaired to quench their thirst. A little stream of water, rising from a spring on a rock within a few feet of the bank, trickled over it, and fell splashing into the river. To this the hunters repaired; and whilst one sought the spring itself, where the water, cold and clear, reflected on its surface the image of the surrounding scenery, the other, tired by his exertions in the chase, threw himself at once to the ground, and plunged his face into the running stream.

The latter had been unsuccessful in the chase, and perhaps his bad fortune, and the sight of the fat deer which the other hunter threw from his back before he drank at the crystal spring, caused a feeling of jealousy and ill-humor to take possession of his mind. The other, on the contrary, before he satisfied his thirst, raised in the hollow of his hand a portion of the water, and, lifting it toward the sun, reversed his hand, and allowed it to fall upon the ground,—a libation to the Great Spirit who had vouchsafed him a successful hunt, and the blessing of the refreshing water with which he was about to quench his thirst.

Seeing this, and being reminded that he had neglected the usual offering, only increased the feeling of envy and annoyance which the unsuccessful hunter permitted to get the mastery of his heart; and the Evil Spirit at that moment entering his body, his temper fairly flew away, and he sought

some pretence by which to provoke a quarrel with the stranger Indian at the spring.

'Why does a stranger,' he asked, rising from the stream at the same time, 'drink at the spring-head, when one to whom the fountain belongs contents himself with the water that runs from it?'

'The Great Spirit places the cool water at the spring,' answered the other hunter, 'that his children may drink it pure and undefiled. The running water is for the beasts which scour the plains. Au-sa-qua is a chief of the Shoshone: he drinks at the head-water.'

'The Shoshone is but a tribe of the Comanche,' returned the other. 'Waco-mish leads the grand nation. Why does a Shoshone dare to drink above him?'

'He has said it. The Shoshone drinks at the spring-head; other nations of the stream which runs into the fields. Au-sa-qua is chief of his nation. The Comanche are brothers. Let them both drink of the same water.'

'The Shoshone pays tribute to the Comanche. Waco-mish leads that nation to war. Waco-mish is chief of the Shoshone, as he is of his own people.'

'Waco-mish lies; his tongue is forked like the rattlesnake's; his heart is black as the Misho-tunga (bad spirit). When the Manitou made his children, whether Shoshone or Comanche, Arapahoe, Shi-an, or Pa-ne, he gave them buffalo to eat, and the pure water of the fountain to quench their thirst. He said not to one, Drink here, and to another, Drink there; but gave the crystal spring to all, that all might drink.'

Waco-mish almost burst with rage as the other spoke; but his coward heart alone prevented him from provoking an encounter with the calm Shoshone. He, made thirsty by the words he had spoken,—for the red man is ever sparing of his tongue,—again stooped down to the spring to quench his thirst, when the subtle warrior of the Comanche suddenly threw himself upon the kneeling hunter, and, forcing his head into the bubbling water, held him down with all his strength,

until his victim no longer struggled, his stiffened limbs relaxed, and he fell forward over the spring, drowned and dead.

Over the body stood the murderer, and no sooner was the deed of blood consummated than bitter remorse took possession of his mind, where before had reigned the fiercest passion and vindictive hate. With hands clasped to his forehead, he stood transfixed with horror, intently gazing on his victim, whose head still remained immersed in the fountain. Mechanically he dragged the body a few paces from the water, which, as soon as the head of the dead Indian was withdrawn, the Comanche saw suddenly and strangely disturbed. Bubbles sprang up from the bottom, and, rising to the surface, escaped in hissing gas. A thin vapory cloud arose, and, gradually dissolving, displayed to the eyes of the trembling murderer the figure of an aged Indian, whose long snowy hair and venerable beard, blown aside by a gentle air from his breast, discovered the well-known totem of the great Wan-kan-aga, the father of the Comanche and Shoshone nation, whom the tradition of the tribe, handed down by skillful hieroglyphics, almost deified for the good actions and deeds of bravery this famous warrior had performed when on earth.

Stretching out a war-club towards the affrighted murderer, the figure thus addressed him:

'Accursed of my tribe! this day thou hast severed the link between the mightiest nations of the world, while the blood of the brave Shoshone cries to the Manitou for vengeance. May the water of thy tribe be rank and bitter in their throats!' Thus saying, and swinging his ponderous war-club (made from the elk's horn) round his head, he dashed out the brains of the Comanche, who fell headlong into the spring, which, from that day to the present moment, remains rank and nauseous, so that, not even when half dead with thirst, can one drink the foul water of that spring.

The good Wan-kan-aga, however, to perpetuate the memory of the Shoshone warrior, who was renowned in his tribe for valor and nobleness of heart, struck with the same aveng-

ing club a hard flat rock, which overhung the rivulet, just out of sight of this scene of blood; and forthwith the rock opened into a round clear basin, which instantly filled with bubbling, sparkling water, than which no thirsty hunter ever drank a sweeter or a cooler draught. Thus the two springs remain, an everlasting memento of the foul murder of the brave Shoshone and the stern justice of the good Wan-kan-aga."

This legend is interesting; but, unfortunately, Ruxton does not give the slightest clew to the source from which he drew it; and, moreover, it bears internal evidence of considerable embellishment at the hands of the Englishman who recorded it. [1]

[1] The French name of the springs, Fontaines-*Qui-Bouillent*, calls our attention to the fact that this part of Colorado once formed part of the French colony of Louisiana, which was ceded to Spain in 1762, and retroceded to France in 1800. In 1803 the United States purchased it from France. As finally determined, the division-line in this immediate region, between Louisiana and the Spanish colonies, followed the Arkansas river west to the continental divide, which it followed in a northerly direction. During the greater part of the colonial period all the country about the present town of Colorado Springs, north of the Arkansas river and east of the main range of mountains, was French territory, and not Spanish, as is generally believed. This explains the prevalence of French names north of Pueblo, such as Fontaines-*Qui-Bouillent*, Bayou Salé, Bijou, Platte, Cache-*La-Poudre* (or Cache-*A-Poudre*), etc. Even the spelling of Manitou and Cheyenne is French.

MYTHS OF THE
PIKE'S PEAK REGION

I

PIKE'S PEAK

In distant golden days, when all the land
Was fair and sweet and all the sky was blue,
The Earthly Paradise was situate
Upon the smiling slopes that rise to meet
The Rockies' mighty chain. Here dwelt in peace
A chosen race, for whom the luscious fruits
And strengthening yellow maize
Then grew untended by the hand of man,
And beasts that now are savage gladly came
And gave themselves a willing sacrifice.
But with the flight of time this happy folk
Grew weary of their quiet life, and longed
For other, greater joys, until their love
Of Manitou was turned to bitter hate,
And all the earth was filled with violence.

Then Manitou was wroth
When he beheld that this his chosen race
Was lower than the beasts. To cleanse the earth,
He opened wide the fountains of the deep
Till waters hid the land.
The lesser spirits of the hills and plains,
Who dwell among mankind and guide their acts,
Fleeing in fear before the rising flood,
Rushed toward the Western Gate
That leads to Heaven, bearing in their hands
Fragments of soil or bits of precious stone,

[Author's Note: I first read these myths in a little volume of prose entitled **Legends of the Pike's Peak Region**, by **Ernest Whitney**, assisted by **William S. Alexander**, Denver, 1892, and later, with variations, in several other works. It has been my aim merely to make coherent, and to put into verse, those portions of these myths that seemed to me of most importance. The descriptive matter, for the most part, is mine. The source of these myths is not known.]

With which to build elsewhere a better earth.
 But Manitou forbade that they should bring
 Their worldly spoil to Heaven;
 And so they dropped their treasures in a heap
 That towered high above the restless flood
 And formed a lofty Peak.
 A monument of precious earth and stone,
 Built by the Gods, the noble Peak still stands
 And marks the Gate to Heaven.

II

CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN

One man, one woman, 'scaped the angry flood,
 And floated many days in a canoe
 Made of a hollow stalk of Indian corn
 (The corn, it seems, grew larger then than now),
 Until their vessel rested on the Peak.

Floating on other stalks came beast and fowl
 To join them there; and all did freely eat
 The wrinkled kernels of the yellow maize.

The Manitou took pity on the few
 Who fled the sea and reached the Holy Mount.
 He loosed the Dragon Thirst, a monstrous beast,
 Which plunged into the tide
 And drank and drank until the earth was dry,—
 So dry and parched that Manitou had fear
 Lest not a drop be left,
 And bade the dragon cease.
 But when the greedy monster sought to rise
 At Manitou's command,
 Swollen with drink it fell to earth again.
 A crushed and shapeless mass, and there it died.

The dragon's body, with its wrinkled sides
 And hornéd back, still lies where then it fell.
 Its stony face looks toward the south and east,
 Whence come the mists that savor of the sea.
 As if it waited for another flood.

III
THE CANOE

When the dark waters fell,
The man and woman from the dizzy heights
Looked on the fertile plains that lay below,
And saw that they were fair.
Emanated fields and winding brooks were bathed
In golden sunshine. Far as eye could reach,
The verdant plains rejoiced and bade them come.
Once more the god took pity on the two,
And fashioned for their use a stout canoe,
In which they glided down the mountain-side.
The track they left behind may still be seen
Upon the eastern slope;
And the canoe, high curved at either end,
With two who ply the paddle, seems to ride
The tossing waves that from the granite Peak
Roll toward Saint Peter's Dome.
There shall it stand as long as man endures,
A token of the saving grace of God.

IV
THE GARDEN OF THE GODS AND PALMER
AND MONUMENT PARKS

In nestling vales and on the grassy plains
Beneath the Holy Mount, the chosen race
Increased in numbers more than all that were
Before them. And the gracious Manitou,
To prove his love, did stamp upon the Peak
The image of his face, that all might see
And worship him. Unto the Mount each day,
When first 'twas gilded by the morning light,
The people lifted up their souls in prayer,
And walked with Manitou. Theirs was the earth
Far as the face was seen o'er plain and hill;
No farther did they venture, lest they meet

With hidden foes. Fair was the land to see
 Where dwelt this chosen tribe in peace and joy,
 Envied by other races of mankind
 Who knew not Manitou.

But, lo! from out the north
 Came a barbaric host of giants great
 And tall, that pressed upon them with the force
 Of charging buffalo,
 And with the fierceness of the mountain lion.
 In numbing fear they fled
 Within the shadow of the Holy Mount,
 For in the sight of their titanic foes
 They were as grasshoppers.
 With the invading host came beasts diverse
 From all that were before them,—monstrous beasts
 That would devour the earth and tread it down.
 In prayer the children of the Manitou
 Called on their god for help,—
 Then came to pass a wondrous miracle:
 The face of Manitou was seen to turn
 And gaze upon the giants,
 Who each and all were straightway turned to stone.

As then they stood, these giants stand today:
 The scattered bands of warriors, red and brown,
 Are found to east and north, time-worn and scarred,
 With legs deep buried in the drifted sand;
 Some bolder than the rest are near the Mount,
 And some are far away in sheltered vales,
 As if they sought to hide;
 Some hold their shields uplifted as to meet
 The gaze of Manitou;
 Some crouch in horror of impending doom.
 A motley crew of mighty men are they;
 Tall grenadiers, erect as though on guard,
 And Chinese mandarins;

Giants with mortarboards and scholar's hoods ;
Some without ears or nose,
And some with crooked noses, long and red.

The beasts the giants drove are stranger still ;
Big, clumsy elephants with drooping trunks ;
Slow-moving, patient camels, massive bears
With pointed jaws, and tawny, bearded lions ;
Smooth, glossy beavers with flat, scaly tails,
And mild-eyed seals with bodies grayish-brown ;
Ferocious crocodiles,
And timid turtles that are slow but sure ;
Huge wood-frogs, reddish-brown,
That in the act of leaping changed to stone ;
And mammoth penguins, too, half bird, half man.
Mingled with beasts and giants, odd to tell,
Are little goblins that came out to gaze,
Some starry night, and stayed too long, until
Surprised by dawn, they also turned to stone.

Unto the end of time
These strange fantastic forms shall stand as now,
A warning to all men who, hard of heart,
May dare defy the Father of us all.

V

CAMERON'S CONE

The chosen race was brave
When it beheld the gracious Manitou ;
But when he hid his face in the gray mist
These men of little faith were sore afraid
And murmured in their hearts ;
Nor dared to chase the deer or plant the maize
Until the clouds were parted and the face
Looked forth again. An embassy was sent
To pray the Manitou
That they might ever have his face in view,
By day resplendent in the golden light

Of the creative sun, and bathed at night
 In the soft radiance of the silvery moon.

They sent four ancient chieftains, bold of heart
 And purified by fasts and holy rites,
 To scale the Mount that rose to Heaven's Gate.
 But Manitou was wroth that men should dare
 To tread upon the image of his face,
 And in his anger seized the thunderbolts
 And hurled them at the earth.
 In deepest darkness all the land was wrapped,
 Save where the flames ran down the mountain-side.
 Terrific winds were loosed,
 That scourged the trembling plains with blinding dust.
 It rained a grievous hail on man and beast,
 On tree and herb; and with volcanic shock
 The hills were rent in twain.
 Four days the Mount was hid from human eyes.
 At last the storm was spent,
 The winds were seized and bound, the hail was checked,
 The twisted thunderbolts were laid away,
 And dimly through the clouds the sacred Mount
 Was visible. With terror men beheld
 A mountain scarred and broken. Manitou
 Had hurled the summit of the lofty Peak
 Upon the chieftains ere they reached the top,
 And gave them death. Half way 'twixt Peak and plain
 The ancient summit lay,
 And the stern image of the Manitou
 Was cleft and blackened by the thunderbolts.

Unto this day, upon the lesser peak,
 The face of Manitou is seen by men,—
 A charred and riven face. And to this day
 The winds are loosed, the thunderbolts are hurled,
 And flames of fire run down the mountain-side,
 When Manitou is wroth.

VI

THE BOILING SPRINGS OF MANITOU

Although the storm was lulled, for many weeks
The face of Manitou
Frowned on the world; the sky was overcast,
And the cold sun shone dimly through the clouds;
The sparkling streams that one-time danced with joy
Dragged their slow length along, and the fish died
And made the water foul, so that mankind
Did loathe to drink it; the cold east wind brought
A grievous plague of locusts, which devoured
The trees and herbs till no green thing remained.
Then starved both man and beast,
And all the earth was full of pestilence.

With humble, contrite hearts, the stricken race
Besought the Manitou
To pardon their transgressions and to stay
The deadly plague. Once more the Manitou
Took pity on the puny race of men,
And sent a lesser spirit from the sky,
Who came where plain and Holy Mount were one,
And smote a rock. Forth gushed a living well
Of bubbling water. Fair it was to see,
But bitter to the taste, for still the earth
Was foul with pestilence. He smote again;
Again he smote; well after well gushed forth,
Each sweeter than the other.
And then the spirit breathed the breath of life
Into the boiling springs,
That all who drank, repentful of their sins,
The ever troubled waters,
Should be made whole and cleansed of all disease;
And thus the plague was stayed.

Although the ancient race has passed away,
The mystic boiling springs of Manitou

Pour forth their healing waters as of yore,
That whosoever drinks be sound of flesh,
If he be pure of heart.

ELIJAH CLARENCE HILLS

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